

## Split Enz "Ships"

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Even ships of the night  
Send out the alarm  
My face is turning white  
In case of emergency  
I wonder if I might slow down rest up

I'd like to get away  
If my doctor lets me  
Here in my waiting room  
I'm pacing nervously  
But I'm no give-away  
Deep down messed up  
Hit town dressed up  
To the nines, to the nines, to the nines, to the nines

Some people pop a pill, when they feel exposed  
Long as I'm dressed to kill  
I'll make sure no-one knows  
Disguised in fancy-dress  
Deep down, messed up  
Hit town dressed up  
To the nines, to the nines, to the nines, my disguise

(mind your step)

Deep down, messed up  
Hit town dressed up  
To the nines, to the nines, to the nines, to the nines  
To the nines, to the nines, to the nines, my disguise

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